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RHYMES AND JINGLES

BY

WILLIAM WALLACE RASS

107 GRAND CANYON BLVD.



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RHYMES and JINGLES

BY

William
W. W. BASS
Wallace
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ARROYO GUILD PRESS
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1909

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NOW IN THE PRESS

It is with pleasure I announce to my friends the speedy completion of a book upon which I have labored, off and on, for some years, in which I shall give some of my early experiences in Arizona in pioneer days. Among the chapters will be one that relates the account of the first dance hall in Williams, where I saw one man nearly killed and then came near to being lynched. Another will tell of the great fight put up to rob a poor woman and her children of the Williams Town Site, of my participation in it, my arrest on a trumped-up charge, in order to get me out of the way, and my speedy release. My early explorations of the Grand and Havasu Canyons will be told, with the thrilling story of how I lost my traveling companion, McKinny, and when I returned to Williams to organize a search party, they came near lynching me, on suspicion that he had been murdered. The exciting search for McKinny, and the way he was found, make interesting reading. A full chapter will also be given on my experiences with the Havasupai Indians; my fight to get them a school and a farmer, their ingratitude and perversion by the whites. I shall also give my reasons for differing from the accepted geological theories of the formation of the Grand Canyon as propounded by Newberry, Dutton and Powell, and give what I conceive to be the only rational and tenable theory that accounts for all the visible facts.

Altogether it will make a readable book, and I shall be glad to receive advance orders for it. It will be out before the New Year.

Price in heavy paper cover, \$1.00. In cloth, \$1.50.

W. W. BASS.

Grand Canyon, Arizona, October, 1909.

BASS

By Edward Robeson Taylor, Mayor of San Francisco, California.

Do you know Bass—Bass of the mighty canyon
That grandly cleaves fair Arizona's breast,
The man who there has kept a famous ferry,
As many a lonely traveler can attest?
Well, if you don't, it makes my wonder grow,
For he's a man well worth your while to know.

No one could doubt that he would meet undaunted
All dangers that would dare to cross his way,
With that strong jaw, firm lip, determined bearing,
And straight-outlooking eye of glittering gray,
That to bravado surely is unknown,
But which must nurse a lightning of its own.

No counterfeited man, you'd quickly hazard,
When once you've grasped him with a gripping feel:
A man who has been lying close to Nature
Till he has got the impress of her seal;
A man who could unaided onward bear
Against the veriest devils of despair.

But he's not quiet; no, such life is in him,
You fancy nought could blind him e'en in sleep;
His utmost being seems to be o'erbrimming
With unremitting energies that sweep
Him ceaseless on, with rest for him no more
Than for the Colorado at his door.

In thrilling tones he'll tell you how the canyon
By geologic magic has been made,
Therein reciting all the various blunders
That scientists around it have arrayed,
And yet disclaiming all the time that he
Is blest of learning in geology.

In truth, its rocks have been to him as brothers
In closest bond for now this many a year,
And he to their innumerable, age-long voices
Has bent an eagerly attentive ear,
Until he confidently dares to feel
They would no secret from his quest conceal.

What time on time this man has seen the splendor
Of sun, and moon, and star, upon them beam,
How oft has stood in silent, awesome wonder
As roared full-mouthed their mighty-rushing stream!
No other heart so closely beats to theirs,
No other breast so much their mystery shares.

And every page that lovers of their glories
Have set at large is his and safely stored,
Accounting these of all his earthly treasures
The one supreme, inestimable hoard,
Which, like a miser, he looks o'er and o'er,
Still always wishing it were more and more.

And yet, depending not on printed pages,
Nor word of others for his gathered lore,
But rather on his own eye sharply searching
The canyon's mystery to the very core,
Still not despising e'en the smallest thing
That can to him some crumb of knowledge bring.

He views the canyon as a thing that's living,
Filled with its own all silent-moving blood,
No less than are its furred and feathered creatures,
Nor than its roaring, wonder working flood;—
And truth, when brimmed with light's empurpling wine,
Who then can doubt it bears a life divine?

Or when mysterious dawn creeps o'er the desert,
To fold the canyon in her lovely arms,
And all its palaces, and domes, and towers,
Tremble with seeming new-created charms,
While "Navaho,"* by her in passing kissed,
Serenely glows a flawless amethyst.

All this he talks of, and of Arizona,
In stream that bears all opposition down,
For when once fairly started nothing stops him—
Opposing statement, argument or frown.
Like his own river he pursues his way,
With nothing strong enough to bid him stay.

And verse of his he pours in ceaseless torrents
From out the foaming fountains of his heart,
Where flash some sparkling gems, though somewhat lacking
In highest finish of poetic art—
Poet unique, who can at call rehearse
The multitudinous treasures of his verse!

You then might fancy him some bard archaic
Before his auditors in rapt array,
Striking his harp with passion-kindled fingers,
As burst ecstatic his triumphant lay,
While all the welkin loud resounding rang
When higher still entrancingly he sang.

*This refers to the beautiful Navaho Mountain that swims in the purple haze about two hundred miles away.

And he has bound himself unto the desert,
Till she has giv'n him secrets of her own—
Plants that are blest with magic power of healing
Some hurt or malady to mortals known;
And these, as by the desert's own command,
He uses oft with deft and generous hand.

Upon the desert's edge, on an oasis
Made verdurous by the labor of his hand,
His home now blooms, where his beloved canyon
Stretches far on magnificently grand,
And which, with countless ages on its back,
Has carved its long, incomparable track.

And there he'll ferry you across the river
As safe as though he led you o'er the land,
Reciting all its various moods and humors
The flood has kindly let him understand,
Till hospitality throws wide her doors,
And new possessions evermore are yours.

These men of desert, forest, stream and mountain,
How large they loom before us as we gaze!—
Like those great things to them as friends familiar,
Or like the stars which there all newly blaze;
And we that live in cities as we must,
Oft lean on them with simple, childlike trust.

Muse, fold thy wings; for Bass, like the Grand Canyon
Is larger than thy best can meetly sing;
Thou canst no more than modestly adventure
These insufficient leaves of pay to bring,
And thus in part discharge the debt I owe,
For Bass, you see, is worth our while to know.

June, 1904.

TO THE READER:

I trust it is not necessary for me to assure the reader I am neither so foolish nor presumptuous as to assume that my crude and simple rhymes are worthy any serious attention as poems. An almost self-educated boy, sent into life early to earn his own living, who, for thirty years has been daily grappling with the pioneer and primitive problems in somewhat pioneer Arizona, can scarcely be expected to understand and apply the laws of prosody with professional skill. My jingles have given pleasure to my guests around my campfires and merely to extend the sphere of that jolly and unique experience I have presumed to insert them in these unpretentious pages.

WILLIAM WALLACE BASS

Bass Camp, Grand Canyon, Arizona

October, 1909

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THE GRAND CANYON

These lines are descriptive of the ride by stage from Williams to the Canyon.

Will you join me, gentle reader,
For a roam through wonderland?
I will take you to a Canyon,
Long, and wide, and deep, and grand.
We will journey through the valleys,
And across the sandy plain,
To commune with wondrous Nature,
Seeking to her works explain.

Far away you see the grandeur;
Towering walls appear to view;
What you see there, gentle reader,
Is a mountain rent in two:
In this valley, where we linger,
Once a lake, whose restless swell
Washed the crests of yonder mountain,
Countless ages, none can tell.

At your feet a human dwelling—
See its crumbled walls today,
Stone and mortar plainly telling
Of a race long passed away.
Who they were and what their calling,
Not even one is left to tell;
Earthquake ravages appalling,
Seething death, their lot befell.

To your right the snow-capped 'Friscos,
Towering high 'mid azure blue,
Down its slopes and through the valley,
Lava courses, plainly view.
To your left and far behind you,
Other mountains great and small;
Heaps of ashes, core, and cinders—
Dead volcanoes! so say all.

Now we've reached the "Colorado";
On its rocky walls we stand,
Gazing down in speechless wonder,
Never was a sight so grand.
Here a terrace, there a steeple,
Gilded spires of heights unknown,
Towering mountains, raging river,
All within these walls of stone.

Ever changing, never ceasing,
Lights and shadows, blending hues,
Granite, marble, lime, and sandstone,
Forming panoramic views.
Here we find in grand succession,
Each formation, old and new,
Gracious book of information
Nature has prepared for you.

What a field for art and science,
Poet, painter—every mind,
In this wondrous work of Nature
Fitting food will surely find.
Let us estimate its vastness,
What its age, and how 'twas made,
Join us, ye who count the ages,
One and all pray lend your aid.

THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD AND THE GRAND CANYON

Babylon's walls and hanging gardens,
Egypt's pyramids as well,
The mausoleum of Artemisia,
Of which the ancient writers tell;

Daina's Temple, Rhodes' Colossus,
The Pharos of Alexandria, too,
Jupiter's Olympian statue,
In the old world you may view.

These were called "The Seven Wonders,"
Works of art by human hands,
Endless books of information,
Histories of foreign lands.

Cross the ocean, journey westward,
Hear Niagara's ceaseless roar,
Scale the peaks of Colorado,
See the hissing geysers soar.

View the Shoshone and the mammoths—
Trees that stand while Nations fall,
But our great and boundless Canyon
Is the grandest of them all.

QUESTIONS

Oh! where did you come from, you dirty red thing,
Born in the mountains of many a spring
Whose clear crystal waters you claimed as your own,
Mixed them with mud and lashed them to foam?
First is the "Green," and next the "Grand,"
But now Colorado, because of your sand,
Your silt and your mud; and now they do say,
That out of pure spite you hid you away
In this unearthly, inaccessible place,
So that no man could find you, or look into your face,
Except it might be as he stood on your brink,
A half-league above you and died for a drink.
But now that I've met you, come, let us be friends,
For some of your meanness you may make amends.
Come, tell me, how first you came to this place?
Have you always been rushing along at this pace?
Did you rasp out this chasm in old Mother Earth?
Or was she split open the day of your birth?
Was there ever a time in ages long past
When over her surface you graciously cast
Your life-giving fluid to clothe her in green?
I don't like to think you were always so mean.
Just think of the friends you would have if you could;
And I'm half inclined to believe that you would
Spread out through these valleys in the broad light of day.
Now, mad rushing River, come, what do you say?

ANSWERS

Well now, my dear boy, if you won't say any more,
I'll try for one moment to shut off my roar,
And see if I cannot hunt up the page;
Yes, now I have found it, the Tertiary Age!
In the record I keep of passing events,
Since first I set out for the mysterious hence,
'Twas then I was born, my Father, the Lake
His afternoon nap was preparing to take,
His surface was smooth, and transparent as glass,
For hundreds of miles—it's the truth, Mr. Bass.
The lesson I've learned from my Mother, the Earth,
In whose bosom I've nestled since the day of my birth.
Away down in her bowels, in the Igneous veins
She had an attack of griping and pains;
A trembling sensation, and then a great crash
That formed the Grand Canyon—that wondrous gash!
The fact is apparent that as she grew old
Her skin grew thick as her body grew cold,
A constant contraction made the inside too small.
The outside was folded, my dear boy—that's all.

The unsatisfactory explanations of Powell, Dutton and other geologists must serve as my excuse for this composition.

A PLEA FOR THE INDIAN

Don't seek to wrong your fellow man,
Or rob him of his right,
No matter if his skin be red,
Or whether it be white;
Dame Nature gave you being,
Intelligence and birth,
Her laws ordained that you and I
Should both live on this earth;
She also gave the Indian
His color, form, and life;
Don't try to stab him in the back,
Because you have a knife;
Creation's laws you cannot change,
Nor even yet may know,
You cannot tell from whence you came,
Nor whither you may go:
Remember you are human,
And Nature gave you birth;
Contented strive to live and thrive—
You cannot run the earth.
Who knows but in some foreign clime,
In ages far remote,
You father's father's great-grand-father
Never wore a coat;
His color may have been as dark
As that of poor old Lo!
If any one should ask you,
Just tell them you don't know.
It may be Darwin had it right,
The "missing link" may be
Alive and well and yet may tell
About that mystery.
If this be true of course then you
Most surely could not fail
To see that you descended from
The brute with the long tail.

THE MINER'S SONG

I've a little gold mine
Up on yonder hill;
Crowded full of nuggets,
Near a shady rill.
When I find a sweetheart,
Just the proper style,
Then we'll dig the nuggets out,
And put them in a pile.

* * *

She must be just right, with eyes as bright
As the twinkling stars on a summer's night,
With a voice as sweet as a song bird's trill;
Then we'll tap the gold mine on the hill.

* * *

When I find a sweetheart,
One who loves me true;
Loves me not for nuggets,
But loves the miner too,
I will be her sweetheart,
She shall be my wife;
Then we'll tap the gold mine
And settle down for life.

ARIZONA

When the Devil was ordered a place to find,
Which he could prepare for some of his kind,
He started from Heaven for a trip to the moon,
But found it so cold that he left very soon.
Then he met old Saint Peter, who to him did say,
If you want to raise Hell, go to Arizon-a.

He got his liquor and packed his grip,
And started out to make the trip;
He landed—though I don't know where,
But he landed on a prickly pear.
He curled his tail and shook his horns,
When he found his body full of thorns;
They stuck clear through, both hide and hair,
And made the poor old Devil swear.

Then he opened his grip, put on his shoes,
And took a great big drink of booze;
And started out to view the land,
But his tail dragged in the red-hot sand.
How hot it was he could not tell,
But quite enough for a first-class Hell.

"I wonder where they got this heat—
I'll make a Hell that can't be beat,
For old Saint Peter gave me the tip,
And I don't want to lose my grip."
Then he tied his tail between his wings,
And went to making thorny things:
How many kinds he could not tell;
But enough to make a great big Hell.

He studded the bushes and trees with thorns,
The flies with stingers, the toads with horns,
And where'er he found a bit of sand
He filled it up with his devilish band.
The Gila Monster and centipede,
And Scorpions of a venomous breed.

And then, this Chief of the Brimstone Lake,
Imported the Tarantula and Rattlesnake,
The Apache Indian of bloody fame
Was next enlisted for his infernal game,
And a venomous Skunk with a seal-brown smell,
Whose bite will send you straight to Hell.

The Rivers with sand were almost dry,
The Water was seasoned with alkali,
And as he stood on the slimy brink
He turned his head from the horrible stink:
It made HIM sick, so he moved his camp
To a little stream called Hassayamp.

But what to do he did not know,
For he found his supplies were getting low.
Then said he: "I'll play a dirty trick
Upon the waters of this little crick—"
And ever since, the passing youth
That takes a drink, can't tell the truth.

But now they call it "the sun-kissed land,"
With its desolate plains of cactus and sand,
And only one river that's sure to flow
From the Utah line to Mexico.
The water you drink is full of Frogs,
Or little Bugs and Pollywogs,
And in Fossil Creek and Havasupai
Is another kind that will petrify.

With forty kinds of stinging Bees,
Blowflies, Ants, and Lice, and Fleas,
And Rats and Mice to make you weep—
For all YOU sow THEY'RE sure to reap—
With Storms of Sand and Simoons too,
And Blizzards that will chill you through,
And what comes next no one can tell—
I'd like to know if it don't beat Hell.

THE ARIZONA BACHELOR

I'm a bachelor gay, and I live far away
In a house, all alone, on the plain,
My reputation's at stake, I've a fortune to make,
Some wealth for old age must I gain.

I've no wife, me to scold, no cradle to rock,
No calico dresses to buy;
I make my own bed, likewise my own bread,
Cook steak or make rabbit pot-pie.

In my house there is room for the brush and the broom,
A table, a stove, and some chairs,
And many things more, in my house I might store,
If she'd come and take charge of affairs.

I'd be awful good, I'd cut all the wood,
Make the fires every morning, I vow;
I'd care for the pigs, the chickens and eggs,
And carefully milk the old cow.

Spring bonnets I'd buy with never a sigh,
Do this, and much more, I confess,
Catnip tea I would make for its dear little sake,
If a baby our union should bless.

Paregoric and pills, soothing syrup and squills;
What more can I say to persuade
Some rosy-cheeked miss, who is seeking for bliss,
Or maybe some charming old maid.

I don't keep a cat, but I've got a pet rat,
He comes in and sits by my fire;
He plays at my feet, and eats when I eat,
And does all that I could desire.

In fact, he does more, for from under the floor
He brings thorns, and cactus, and sticks,
And trades them for coffee, for beans, and for rice,
He is full of such bothersome tricks.

He may do it in play; he's a trade rat, they say,
Yet oft, this advice do I give:
"You must stop, Mr. Rat, or I'll get a big cat
And he'll kill you, as sure as you live."

And the mice, young and old, they are growing quite bold,
Yet they call him "the sly little mouse."
They would keep you awake with the noises they make—
You would think there were thieves in the house.

I have horses and cows, I've wagons and plows,
And many things more I might name.
I've courage and skill to work with a will—
There is plenty to do on my claim.

I venture to say no old maid would stay
All alone, as we bachelors do.
She might there be found till leap year came 'round,
And then at her home there'd be two!

But Adam of old, in the Good Book we're told,
Was unhappy until he got Eve,
And although many doubt this story throughout,
That part I can easy believe.

Away back in the States, without any mates,
Old maids they are plenty, they say—
But here in the West, where the sun sinks to rest,
Old bachelors they have the sway.

So if you're inclined, I'm sure you could find
A husband both tender and true,
So don't live alone, but make your wants known;
We have firesides awaiting for you.

In our Garden of Eden, are no tempting snakes,
Our title, our right, to dispute;
We won't have to leave, like Adam and Eve,
For eating the forbidden fruit.

THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD

On June 1st, 1894, the Saginaw Lumber Company, of Williams, Arizona, gave a banquet at the Harvey Hotel, to which they invited capitalists, railroad managers, newspaper correspondents, governors, and representative men from Arizona, California, and New Mexico, for the purpose of interesting them in the opening of their lumber industry, which has become one of the largest in the West. A complimentary trip to the Grand Canyon was given them the following day, under my guidance, I furnishing the equipment. The party numbered thirty in all. Among the many toasts given at the banquet this one was given and so well-received that I was requested to furnish a copy for publication in the Los Angeles Times. The work of caring for the party so occupied my attention that I failed to supply the copy. This, therefore, is its first appearance in type.

Babylon's walls are tottering in decay,
The Hanging Gardens long have passed away,
The Pyramids, begrimed with age and rust—
The pride of Egypt—crumbling into dust,
Nor yet was spared that wond'rous Tomb
Of Artemisia; that has met its doom.

The devastating tooth of Time
Has rasped those Grecian temples fine,
Their dust now mingles with their dead,
And fills the place where prayers were said;
The tireless waves on Alexandria's strand
Where once the Pharos used to stand,
Have gained their level at its cost,
And Wonder Number Six is lost.

No favored god comes forth to save
His honored temple from its earthly grave,
Olympia's tribute towering to the skies,
Invoked no help from Jupiter to save his prize.
And thus the works of man must pass away,
The ancient wonders all have had their day,
Mythology has heralded their fame,
And some existed only in the name.

Americans go doddering off to Rome,
To miss far greater wonders here at home;
Go forth within the borders of our land,
Behold the wond'rous skill on every hand—
This age of progress teems with magic power,
And something new develops every hour.

Our modern minds are equal to the task,
Electric power successfully to grasp,
With copper coils and threads of steel
We move triumphantly our commerce-wheel;
Her avenues are open in mid-air;
Search in the ocean depths—you'll find them there.

That human skill we all should ever bless,
That gave to us the printing press—
Our Toasts and Speeches given here tonight
May be in print before tomorrow's light.
Her gracious contributions to mankind
Perfects God's greatest gift—the human mind.

To Nature's wonders I will drink this toast,
For these inspire my admiration most,
And those within the borders of our land,
I hold to be most beautiful and grand;
Niagara's grandeur all unite to praise,
Her wond'rous beauty ever does amaze

The Rocky Mountains have an endless store
Of wild, romantic beauty to adore,
The Gunnison and canyon of the Arkansas
Will fill your soul with speechless awe.
Shoshone and the far-famed Yellowstone
Have gorgeous beauties, severally their own.

Yosemite, that fairy land of ours,
Enchanting spot of sunshine, shade and flowers,
Of crested dome, and towering wall,
And Bridal Veil of waterfall.
A Paradise in which to dream
Of glittering gold on every stream.

Fair Arizona's wonders I'll extol,
E'er lips shall touch this flowing bowl;
Her fertile valleys, rivaling the Nile,
Her vast volcanic mountains, majestic in defile,
Here pre-historic ruins, that teach in ancient lore,
The Well of Montezuma, the Aztec God of yore.

Her Calcedona forests, and mines of precious ore,
Her wond'rous groups of Cataracts, as never seen before,
Within the borders of this sun-kissed land
There is a Canyon, wide, and deep, and grand,
Two hundred miles in length, or more,
A scene of marvelous wonders, a never-ending store,
A fathomless abyss of architectural skill,

Of Nature's faultless handiwork, your very soul to thrill.
Phantasmal sculptured Temples, bewildering and sublime,
Harmoniously contrasted—the corrosive work of Time;
Incomprehensive beauty, without a parallel,
No human skill can copy, no human tongue can tell,
A kaleidoscopic picture improving with decay,
The most impressive wonder of this, our present day.

THE STATEHOOD BILL

Respectfully (more or less so) dedicated to Ex-President Roosevelt.

Tune: The Wild Man of Borneo.

I calculate of Statehood we soon shall have our fill,
I think 'most anybody would, who's watched the Statehood bill,
I never was so full of "Rats" that I could think that way,
We've got too many Democrats in A-ri-zone-e-ay.

The message of the President was read the other day,
No doubt he said just what he meant—it kind 'a looks that way,
But if you're up in figures, I know just what you'll say—
We're a little short of "niggers" in A-ri-zone-e-ay.

Now if you'll read between the lines, it's bound to do you good;
"Keep working on the farms and mines, there's nothing in Statehood,
You're short of population, and ignorant," they say,
"You can never vote for President in A-ri-zone-e-ay."

THE STATEHOOD BILL

Statehood now is all the rage,
In the Senate Chamber;
Beveridge is showing age;
Dillingham is tamer.

Old Knute Nelson's got the blues—
Chafing in the collar—
Wonder if he's heard the news—
Wouldn't bet a dollar.

Every day we're losing ground,
Opposition stronger—
They will surely have us "downed"
If we wait much longer.

Statehood for New Mexico
And for Oklahoma!
Guess we'll have to let her go,
Leave out Arizona.

If we'd kept the bridle on
The kid from Indiana;
If Matt Quay—well, he's gone—
So is Marcus Hanna.

Foraker and many more,
Now begin to grumble;
Those we counted on before,
Must have "took a tumble."

Bard and Hayburn gave us fits,
Elkins made it thunder,
McCumber tore us into bits—
A declamatic wonder.

Democrats have had their say,
We've heard from Colorado;
Montana Clark threw in the way
A veritable tornado.

We've got to meet the Solid South
Upon this proposition;
Guess we'd better shut our mouth
'Bout double state admission.

Something in this western air
Makes those fellows gritty,
Honest, brave and debonair—
Some of them are witty.

Independent sort of chaps,
Presidential timber—
Teddy got it wearing "chaps"—
Nimble, lithe and limber.

Would not help us out a bit,
Said he could not see it;
Beveridge quite had a fit,
Scarcely could believe it.

Quarles and Spooner found it so,
The party whip is broken;
Wisconsin politicians know,
That must have seen the token.

Double statehood is not fair—
It's bound to see defeat;
Teddy Roosevelt in the chair—
Go back and take a seat.

Dillingham has sealed his fate
Thus to be outwitted,
Forgets about his own fair State
And how that was admitted.

Took a trip in a special car,
Just for information;
Guess he'd never been so far—
Wonders at creation.

Found out where consumptives go,
Also "ignorant miners";
Where the date and orange grow,
Saw some ore refiners.

Beveridge took some photographs—
Regular deceivers—
Everyone who sees them laughs—
Indians and greasers.

FROZEN POTATOES

This doggerel needs a little explanation. As all who have been to my house near "Bass Station" know, there is neither a depot, a platform, or a siding at the station. Trains stop and people get off as best they can. Now, while it is easy enough where the ground is level, it is not so easy where the track is on an embankment. In the handling of my provisions, which generally come on the Canyon passenger train, it depends on the engineer whether he stops so that goods can be landed on the level, or down the embankment. If he refuses to "go ahead" a little, or "back" a little, and the brakeman or whoever handles the freight "doesn't care," my stuff is "thrown off anyhow," and I may get it as best I can. On one occasion a sack of potatoes were dumped into the snow and froze; on another, a sack of sugar dropped onto the soaking ground—wet after a heavy rain—in spite of the fact that I had placed some boxes as a rude platform. Boxes containing perishable freight have been "dropped" down the embankment, and glassware, etc., broken, when ordinary handling would have done no harm. In August, 1909, the railway company built a small and rude platform to facilitate the dismounting of passengers, and the unloading of freight, and within a few days, because of a trumped-up and false charge that I had "solicited passengers" on the train, on the occasion of a return trip from Los Angeles, it was removed, and we are again at the mercy and good-will of the engineer or brakeman or conductor as to whether we get "frozen potatoes," or not.

There is a fellow by the name of Bass;
Of course, you take him for an "ass"
Because he lives away out in the woods,
And has to buy potatoes and store goods.

What need has he of anything to eat?
He ought to set a trap and catch his meat.
And then potatoes, everybody knows,
Are just as common as the wind that blows.

What matter if they are a little froze?
And then we always hurry when it snows.
Just step one side; I'll drop this box—
Those bottles in it need a few more knocks.

This fellow has no business sending freight
Out, when the Canyon train is late,
And then, to mix it up a little bit,
We'll make him think that we are surely "it"—

He's put some boxes here along the track,
A nice, dry place to put that sugar sack;
But then, we'd have six feet to "pack"
And Miller he does always hate to back.

Just drop the barley in the snow,
And these potatoes give an extra throw—
Don't pile them on the other things so high,
Because, possibly, it might keep them dry;

And if they're wet, perchance, there'll come a breeze
And then I know —— well they'll freeze.
Now just as like as not he'll come today,
For Bass lives only twenty miles away;

And, if he comes without delay
He'll get the goods, for which he has to pay.
Now, there's a "moral" to this little tale;
In your cerebrum it may drive a nail.

No matter if you only chance to be
A measly brakeman on the Santa Fe,
You know full well, your heart's desire
Is that you may attain to something higher;

And if your record proves you tried to be
A careful man, to trust with property—
The more so to a fellow "out at sea,"
Where every pound means two, to such as me—

Your "boss' will want a trusty man some day,
And Gibson's just the man that's sure to say:
"Now, there's that Lockman, on the Canyon freight—
He's run some trips, and handles things first-rate.

He seems to know the rules, and watch the time,
And then there's been no kick along the line.
In fact, we've heard old timers out there say
They'd like to see that fellow Lockman stay
And run that train; for then they'd know
He'd never throw potatoes in the snow."

LAW UPON HIS BRAIN

This jingle was evoked by the fact that a California lawyer—the Mr. Murphy here named—wrote several effusions about me, scorning my efforts to help the Havasupai Indians, when I took down to them Mr. Gaddis, the first farmer appointed to work for them on their reservation. In these “poems” he referred to me as “Supai Bill.” When I got home and read what he had written I produced the following. He never bothered me again. Who, then, will dare to say I am not an “effective” poet?

“Oh, what is ailing Jimmie H?” was asked of me tonight.

“Has anyone been telling him that he could win a fight?

Or has he read in story books of deeds of blood and pain?”

“Oh, no, my friends,” I answered, “It’s Law upon his brain.”

That it’s law upon his brains, to me it’s very plain.

They’re small, and few, and common too, and could not stand the strain.

He overtaxed his energy, gave his nerves an awful jar,

When he was admitted to the Arizona Bar.

He’s more on hand than Barnum had, when Jumbo first was found,

With his lightning, law, and literature, and logic so profound.

Reporter for the public press for many miles around,

A pugilist, and poet, and does it all by sound.

His paper costs him nothing, his pen and ink are free.

He’s lots of time for writing, he works for the A. P.

Those who know him do not blame him, altho’ they firmly vow

He’d better change his calling, and get a ranchman’s plow.

Don't be foolish, Mr. Murphy, you yet have lots to learn;
You've many irons to handle, and some will surely burn;
The fire in which you've placed them a white heat may attain,
And cause you greater trouble than the law upon your brain.

When Nellie Bly went 'round the world, she won both wealth and fame.
John Sullivan, as a fighting man, acquired a wond'rous name,
And "Supai Bill" with nerve and skill has prospects brighter far
Than the windy kid of Williams has, in front of Taber's bar.

Be careful, Mr. Murphy—the little that you know
Will never make you wealthy, no matter where you go;
Then keep away from whiskey, respect your wife and home,
And when you write your "poetry," leave "Supai Bill" alone.

ODE TO JUDGE SANFORD

Thro'out this life of care and strife, we've many things to fear.
Disease and death may take our breath, and bring us to our bier.
Morphine and rum have ended some, old age has claimed a few,
While others die, with many a sigh, for lovers who prove untrue.

And death may come to old and young in other ways, we know—
It's not denied that some have died from hearing others "blow."
The other day on High Street, right near to Avenue C,
A policeman found a lady—quite dead she seemed to be.

He bathed her face with water and put camphor on her head,
Which quickly did relieve her, and this is what she said:
"I was talked to death by Sanford—had a 'reservation stew,'
Knew all about the Indians, and what Bass is going to do.

"The Bible, and the tariff, election and the moon
Were talked about, from morning until the afternoon;
It really is a pity that the Judge has lost his head;
If left to blow his bugle, we soon will all be dead.

He never tires or falters, or lets you get away,
But if you'll stand and listen, he'll talk to you all day."
One cold and frosty morning, not many years ago,
A man was found in Prescott, quite dead from top to toe.

They quickly held an inquest, and friends and neighbors, too,
With earnest zest, each did his best, and stated what he knew.
'Twas all in vain, naught could explain his death while in his prime.
And for a year naught did appear to solve this awful crime.

At last one night, all robed in white, a ghost appeared to view,
And this is what it stated, and solemnly vowed 'twas true:
"I was talked to death by Sanford—such pain no tongue can tell—
A horrid fate, I'm free to state, much worse than a year in Hell."

Americans are boastful of the freedom of the press—
Each man is free and equal in our laws, we all confess;
But our great and glorious statesmen have failed to find relief
From the attacks of this old Chieftain, with his bigoted belief.

He'll talk you deaf, he'll talk you dumb, sometimes he'd make you sigh,
With a Chinese wink he'd have you think he never told a lie;
And when a stranger comes to town, the Judge will surely be
On hand to load him, to the brim, with Infidelity.

COME TO BASS CAMP

If you find your health is failing,
And you need a little rest,
A trip to Arizona

I am sure would suit you best;
Just drop the cares of business,
And forget your aches and ills—
Try pure air and lots of sunshine,
As a substitute for pills.

Camp grub and lots of exercise,
A horse-back ride each day;
Sleep out beneath the stars at night—
It will drive disease away.
Become a child of Nature,
Let her take you in her arms,
She will speak to you in raptured tones,
And reveal to you her charms.

You have read about our Canyons,
And our mountains clothed in pines,
Of mysterious ancient villages,
And fabulous wealth of mines;
There's an endless store of knowledge
To be gained by one and all,
And priceless health and vigor,
Is awaiting at your call.

Now, if you're undecided
And don't know where to go,
Just write to Bass, the Canyon Guide,
Because he's sure to know;

His camps are full of interest,
His trails are built with care,
With rigs or Saddle Animals,
He will safely take you there.

He knows the points of interest,
Up and down on either side,
He has horses, mules and burros,
And you can walk or ride.
You can cross the Colorado
On a cable every day—
The River may be raging,
But it cannot block the way.

You can camp upon the Shinumo—
That never-failing stream,
Whose pure and crystal waters
With health and vigor teem,
Where are famous melon-patches,
And gardens on its shore;
With chickens, eggs, and vegetables.
Oh, who could wish for more!

THE GRAND CANYON AS A PLACE TO VISIT

To expect one to tabulate the reasons why intelligent human beings should visit the Grand Canyon and seek to know something of its mysteries is just as unreasonable as to expect that any one person can write an adequate description of this, the greatest natural wonder known to man.

Were it possible for each visitor to write his individual impressions, there would be material differences in each, and in the lapse of a few years some "plagiarist" would sift out a little from the various articles and produce what would be, in reality, a fair description of this mysterious place. Critics would then say, "At last a writer has succeeded in describing the Grand Canyon." But in whatever else the descriptions might differ, it is certain they would all, more or less, tell of the instantaneous and powerful effect upon the emotions experienced when the first glimpse of the Canyon was afforded. This experience is so universal that a careful observer will watch for the mere pleasure of discerning the different emotions expressed by the various visitors. It is not unlikely that this overwhelming effect upon the emotions is largely due to the suddenness with which the Canyon must be met. There can be no preparation for the introduction. It jumps before you like the leap of a panther, or the flash of forked lightning. It is the improbable, the unnatural, the unexpected that shakes one's nerves and the ordeal at the Canyon is a new sensation.

As one approaches it there is little in the topography of the surface or the general surroundings, to intimate his close proximity to the brink. He may have noted the outlines of the opposite wall, with a bold headland or two jutting out into the atmosphere, but gets no idea of the yawning inferno at its base.

For the last six or eight miles the upward slant of the surface, and the dense growth of the timber shut out everything else.

Then, too, our senses are not trained to grasp such awful dimensions instantaneously. It requires time and intimate association.

By all means visit it; don't miss it. It will repay you a thous-

and times. Go if you have to borrow the money. You will work the harder when you get back. Go alone if necessary, but get your friends to go with you if possible. There is grandeur enough for all. If necessary join in with strangers; you will be friends before you get back. It will broaden your intellect, strengthen your belief in the power and wisdom of the Infinite and give you a new idea of Creation. It will start you to thinking and reasoning on higher planes, suggest to you something of the immensity of geologic times, and of eternity, and bring you closer to the God of nature.

But do not come, as most people do, expecting to see and know it all in a visit of a few hours. The ordinary visitor who thinks he can grasp it all in one or two days may read as he runs—and run he will—for usually he plans to do just as many miles and over as much, or more, territory on the precipitous trails and difficult inclines, as would be possible on the rim.

There are really three distinct sections of the Grand Canyon—I mean that portion made accessible by the railway. The first—that will always be seen by the great majority—is what might be called the central portion, where El Tovar hotel is located—where the railway deposits its Grand Canyon passengers. This is grand and sublime, and when one visits Hopi Point to the west, and Yavapai Point to the east he has seen that which was worth crossing the continent to see.

But I have yet to find a single individual who did not agree that the eastern and western sections, respectively, are both much superior to the central section, both for variety of architectural form, geologic interest, and diversity of sculpturing.

The eastern end practically begins at the Grand View Point and extends to the chasm of the Little Colorado. Here, the break in the Canyon is so vast that the abyss is “opened up” to much larger view than elsewhere.

To my own mind, however, the western section surpasses them all. It was the section of my choice, made before any other human being of the white race had chosen a home location on the Canyon. It includes Havasupai Point, the one great salient promontory that, on the south side, corresponds, in grandeur of outlook, with Point Sublime on the north. It is directly opposite Powell Plateau and the pinnacle of the Kaibab Plateau—the highest section by a thousand feet of any other part of the whole Canyon system. Bass

Camp is immediately at the dividing line where the granite "runs out," and the river has made its gorge through the softer red sandstones, thus affording two kinds of scenery not found in such proximity in any other accessible part of the Canyon. At the foot of the Bass Trail is the only ferry and cable crossing in the Grand Canyon, where men and animals can be transported from one side of the river to the other. Close to the crossing, on the north side, is the Camp on the exquisitely pure Shinumo Creek, which irrigates the Shinumo Gardens, where fruits and vegetables of all kinds abound in season. Here, too, are numberless cliff dwellings and corn-storage houses of a prehistoric race, which one passes in going up the Bass Trail on the north side to Powell Plateau, the Kaibab Plateau, Point Sublime, and the Mormon settlements of Southern Utah.

The western division also includes the picturesque, fascinating and unique Havasu (Cataract) Canyon, in which dwell the Havasupai Indians in their corn fields, melon patches, peach and fig orchards, and where the beautiful Havasu (Blue Water) Creek flows down between willow-lined banks to great precipices over which it dashes in a series of strikingly beautiful waterfalls. By all means visit the Canyon at the "civilized" locations, where hotels and camps are prepared to provide for every need and luxury. But if you want to enjoy it to the full, arrange with some one who understands—and we have had twenty-five years' experience in such business at the western end, at Bass Camp—to give you a camping outfit, with bedding, provisions and a good guide, and then start out for all the out-of-the-way places that only the few and really appreciative ever see. On horseback take your time to view, in detail, all that you are interested in, and then, each night, when the camping place is reached and you have given personal attention to a sufficient allotment of the regulation camp-biscuit, bacon and beans, and other out-door fare, seek a comfortable spot to recline upon, and then leisurely contemplate the ever shifting panorama before you.

HOW WAS THE GRAND CANYON FORMED?

The Grand Canyon of Arizona is destined to become more famous as a geological revelation than as a scenic attraction when once its supreme advantages for the student are thoroughly understood. It is a paradise in which to study the evolution of the earth, for here the student may see both its external form and internal structure at the same time. He may go to its deepest recess, where the bold Colorado has secreted its murky waters in the contorted schists and pegmatites. Its chaotic condition is here laid bare in liberal proportions. Step by step, as he ascends, he may study the action of both physical and chemical forces and also the action and reaction of land and water, of heat and atmosphere, and their effects upon its form and structure. The arrangement of the rocks and minerals, and its various forms of life are also faithfully preserved and the fossils may be secured for minute investigation. Each succeeding condition of the earth has recorded its own history and some valuable specimens already obtained have added much to our knowledge of its earliest efforts to shake off its chaotic condition and utilize its vast store-house of material.

My desire to interest the scientific minds of the people who have money to endow institutions of learning is constant and I most earnestly hope the day is not far distant when the Grand Canyon of Arizona will not be wholly monopolized by a grasping railroad octopus for commercial purposes, but that teachers and students of every class may come here to spend their vacations and while regaining lost vigor in this life-giving climate, may also have unlimited opportunities for the study of Historical, Dynamical and Structural Geology, surrounded by the most impressive scenery in the known world.

While there have been some study and considerable writing about the Canyons of the Colorado, all of which latter is interesting and somewhat instructive, it is a lamentable fact that the real Grand Canyon—that portion known as the granite section—has never received the close attention, by any geologist of note, that its supreme importance deserves. This is self-evident, as we have no reports from them concerning it. As I have elsewhere

shown, Powell, in his first exploration merely spent six days in the Granite Gorge, and in the second trip eight days. How much geological study could his men give to the geological and dynamic problems before them in so short spaces of time, especially when all their energies were practically utilized in manipulating their boats and taking care of themselves?

In 1880-1 Captain Dutton visited and studied the Canyon on the north rim, and from Point Sublime wrote these vivid and effective descriptions that will ever remain the standards in Canyon literature, yet it is well known that he never went down into the granite section of the Canyon; all his work was done from above, and the merest tyro knows that the granite section of the Grand Canyon does not yield its most important secrets to such distant and reserved study.

Dr. Walcott, now Secretary of the Smithsonian, spent one winter at the head of the Grand Canyon, but he scarcely recognized the granite section, as all his study was devoted to the Algonkian series. In 1891 he and Dr. G. K. Gilbert spent a few days down my trail. Dr. Gilbert had also made the trip with Wheeler, in 1871, up the Canyon to the mouth of Diamond Creek, but that was a very small part of the gorge, and in their case, as in Powell's, they had enough to do to take care of themselves without giving much attention to geology.

Even the recent revision of the maps of the United States Geological Survey counts for nothing in giving the geological history of the region. That this is an important step in the work and gives accurate contours and systematic measurements no one will deny, but it simply shows present conditions, and has nothing to do with historical geology.

Hence my emphatic contention made here and elsewhere, viz., that the granite section of the Grand Canyon—the most important part of the whole Colorado Canyon system—has not yet received a moiety of the attention its dignity demands at the hands of the scientific student.

Indeed, I venture the bold affirmation that not until last year, 1908, was any real, dignified effort made at a thorough study of this part of the Canyon. This was done by Mr. Levi F. Noble, of Auburn, New York. He spent four months here gathering field-data for a thesis which gained for him his degree of Doctor of Philosophy

from Yale. A copy of this thesis is before me, and in dignity, in conscientious, painstaking labor, and thorough study, it reveals more knowledge of the Canyon, as it actually is in the granite section, than do all the reports of all the geologists—Newberry, Powell, Dutton, Walcott, Gilbert and the rest—combined.

When the reader recalls the incidents related in Chapter —, giving my experiences with the Geological Survey's map of this region (which, in future herein, I will call Powell's map), and then my slowly accumulated knowledge of the absolute ignorance of Powell, Dutton, and other geologists of many of the most important features of the granite section of the Canyon, can it be wondered that, at the same time, there grew up in my mind a serious distrust of the theories of these gentlemen in regard to the dynamic history of the Canyon? Hence I propose, in this chapter, to show what I consider to be the weak and untenable parts of these theories, and then, layman though I am, offer my own theory to account for the existence of the Canyon, which, according to my humble judgment, more nearly conforms to the facts, as every close observer must concede they exist.

After personal investigation of over one hundred miles of this portion of the Canyon, I do not hesitate to record my earnest protest against the erosion theory as being responsible for this tortuous breach in the earth's crust.

I shall attempt to show that faulting and flexing first made the erosion possible, and altered not only the course of the river itself, but, also, every lateral canyon and water-course within its interior or on the surface on either side of the granite section—the portion here to be discussed.

I shall also endeavor to show that to these agents also can be traced the origin of most of the structural features within the walls, to which have been given names quite as inappropriate and confusing as is the theory advanced for their creation. But before I do so, however, let me ask the reader to consider a few of the misleading features of Powell's map—the survey (so-called) of 1881.

This map entirely reversed the drainage on the south side of the Canyon. It practically made the surface water run up-hill. Great lateral canyons, twenty-five miles and more in length and two thousand or more feet in depth, ten or twelve in number, are shown on the map. No such canyons can be found and the surface

drainage is abruptly away from the Canyon. Every traveler to the Canyon today may note, as the train nears the Canyon, that the last few miles are on an up-grade, and when one alights at the terminus he must climb a stairway before he obtains a sight of the Canyon itself.

Surface drainage, no doubt, is the first consideration in the study of any region, and if the Colorado River began its work on the surface in the early Tertiary time and since then has succeeded in rasping out a channel for itself four thousand five hundred feet in depth, there can be no doubt but that it would have attracted the surface drainage, as do all other rivers of erosion.

This certainly must have been Powell's excuse when the first map was made. This would seem to be the main support of his theories of corrasion and erosion.

But the most important agent to be considered, as far as I am able to judge, was the seismic force from the earth's interior that was constantly elevating the entire plateau region.

Dutton explains that the uplift was about uniform with the corrasion of the water and thus maintained the declivity—the internal force acting very much as acts the carriage in a saw-mill as it presses the logs against the saw.

What would naturally be the result if this theory be true?

Would not conditions on both sides of the river be very much the same?

How do we find them? There are several marked differences. The north wall of the Canyon is much higher than the south wall and the conditions throughout are so dissimilar that some explanation seems necessary.

On the north division we find a confusing ramification of deep canyons that seem to have had their courses determined by a well-defined line of uplift from east to west, thus forming a very pronounced Anticlinal.

The entire region abounds in numerous springs that come to light in the top of the cross-bedded white Aubury sandstones.

The only actual drainage attraction of the river in the granite section that is visible on the surface is that limited portion lying south of this anticlinal uplift referred to.

Within the walls we find that the river now apparently defines

the south shore of an ancient body of water, that we are told was once an Algonkian sea.

This most important feature is quite apparent all the way from the mouth of the Little Colorado River to the end of the first section of the Granite Gorge..

The upturned edges of the Algonkian strata have been measured quite accurately and are known to be ten thousand feet in thickness.

Another very notable fact is that all the important detached masses of rock are on the north side of the river. Shiva's Temple, Isis, Buddha, Brahma, Zoroaster, Walhalla, Vishnu and many more all overlie this Algonkian sea, or are close to it.

Dutton claims that these great detached masses are due to the cutting in of the side canyons, etc.

There seems, however, to be a serious objection to this theory. We find that the entire section has once been a most remarkable seismic battle-ground. It requires a life-time of geologic training to fully comprehend the immensity of this problem and, to any degree of certainty, figure out the results to be charged to this primary body of water of unknown dimensions, lying within the virgin crust of the earth. After this early sea or lake was filled by sedimentation and became the foundation for thousands of feet of later deposit, it is quite apparent that it would be very unstable—a veritable home for the accumulation of all sorts of elementary forces that finally resulted in earthquakes and wholesale destruction on the surface, the most notable ones of the present day being at San Francisco and at Messina, Italy.

It does not require much of a displacement of the foundation of any structure to utterly change the surrounding conditions. In either of the cases named the displacement did not amount to more than a few feet at most.

But within the walls of the Grand Canyon one can plainly trace the crust movements and displacements to hundreds and thousands of feet. The great west Kaibab fault was no doubt from four to six thousand feet, with a restoration, thousands of years later, of nearly half of that distance, carrying up all the vast sedimentary accumulations of that period in an opposite direction, segregating the great mass now known as Powell's Plateau and outlining the

tortuous course of the river in its northward trend. This fault is described by Noble as being nearly three hundred miles long.

In a word, this restless condition of the basic rocks was constantly changing the contour of the overlying surface. The various movements, though positive, were irregular, due, no doubt, to the various agents engaged in the onslaught—internal force, lateral pressure, immense weight from overlying sediment, etc.

I fully believe that a close study of the entire surface condition for two or three hundred miles will disclose the fact that where now the Canyon is located was once a mountain range that had been forced above the surface of the water by a great revolution in the earth's crust.

Lateral pressure would naturally hold it firmly in place as long as the internal heat in the earth continued, but as the heat subsided the contraction opened up the thousands of fissures and displacements and gradually sapped the surrounding bodies of water through the subterranean channels thus formed.

On the southwest there is a great syncline known as Cataract Basin. It extends from the northwest base of the San Francisco range on the western slope to the Uinkaret range on the west. It attracts the drainage of an immense region. It has continued to do so for a long period of time and even now it receives all the surface drainage of the south rim of the Grand Canyon from Grand View to Bass Camp. The water that falls on the roof of the El Tovar Hotel, unless artificially diverted to a local receptacle, flows away from the Canyon, enters this basin, and thence back again by a subterraneous channel to Cataract Creek and the Colorado River through Havasa (Cataract) Canyon, a distance of seventy-five miles or more.

This basin has been the receptacle for vast bodies of rubble and river-wash, which are piled up promiscuously for miles around. In some places they are known to be hundreds of feet in thickness. They are strangers to anything in the rock formation of this locality, but many of them belong to the early Tertiaries, and from their rounded and polished condition no doubt have traveled hundreds of miles. I cannot but believe that the Colorado River had a hand in the work of bringing them here long before it found its present majestic surroundings.

But, as before stated, the cooling process removed the lateral pressure at this point and the bottom gradually fell out of the lake.

Thousands of sink holes mark the course of a great rift in the now dry basin. If one goes down into one of these openings he can continue on down between its irregular edges, until it opens out into an immense cave, narrow in width, but many miles long. It does not require much mental energy to restore it to its original position and one can readily see that the sides of the fracture will fit like a broken bone.

At the bottom of this subterranean channel, on the carboniferous lime-stones, Havasu Creek is constantly rasping out a channel for itself very much the same as is the Colorado River in the bottom of the Grand Canyon at this time.

Look forward ten thousand years hence and what will be the condition of the surface of this fracture? I can look back twenty-five years and see only a half-dozen little sink-holes along the course of the dry creek bed, while today they have increased in size many fold, and dozens of new ones are to be found all along through this basin. When once all this soil and sediment has been carried down through the fracture and the edges of the walls are exposed, they will rapidly disintegrate and recede and another impassable canyon will be formed.

The traditions of the Indians refer to a time when this lake was in existence and how it slowly died. You can find scores of ruins along the present course of the dry bed, that would seem to indicate a living stream. The Indians say, "Ground heap shake, water go down."

It is likely that when the great volcanic period prevailed, when the San Francisco Range was formed, and also the mountains to the west of the same origin, this lake was in existence and its percolating waters may have helped to furnish some of the energy for the occasion. The lava flow to the north may have cooled its seething mass in the same waters—who knows?

Farther consideration of the surface drainage of this entire region has led me to the conclusion that the attraction of the three or four great basins surrounding this portion of the Grand Canyon have more influence on the present surface conditions than any other factor extant.

It is possible that before the great split in the earth, where now the Grand Canyon reposes was uncovered, that this same Cataract Basin was receiving surface drainage from the south slopes of the Buckskin Mountains, (now the Kaibab plateau on the north side.)

The Grand Canyon is but an incident in the great process of land sculpture and is not nearly as ancient as has been supposed. It is not the best evidence of typical erosion but plainly shows dynamic force and shock. Rocks of different densities and porosities have been cut sheer for hundreds and even thousands of feet. The region is no doubt among the older bodies of land of this continent. From its first appearance above the ocean it has experienced many changes, subsiding and being uplifted whenever conditions were favorable.

The unstable bottom caused by the Algonkian Sea may have had much to do with it, as there was a great primary fracture in the earth's crust, and these breaks never heal; and until the earth's crust had thickened sufficiently to resist the internal forces, the

up and down see-sawing or yielding doubtless prevailed, producing numberless block faults.

I have said the Grand Canyon is merely an incident in this great cyclopean exhibit of continent-making. By this I mean that after the first crust disturbance to which I have referred took place, a great subsidence occurred and thousands upon thousands of feet of sedimentary rocks were laid down, completely covering up the entire region previously involved.

Some geologists tell us that there may have been sixteen thousand feet of sedimentary rocks laid down in the Grand Canyon district at this time of slow subsidence and deposit. One does not have to travel far from the mouth of the Little Colorado River to find Mesozoic rocks and Tertiary rocks also, not far to the north.

But erosion must have carried them away from the immediate area of the Canyon and it is easy to determine which way they went, and it was not through the Grand Canyon, by any means. From this my readers will infer that my conclusion is that the Canyon is simply an eroded anticlinal. That the immense depth of the Kaibab is due to early faulting in the primitive formations, while that of the eastern and western divisions may be traced to later displacements in the rock of later origin. Further, that every stream and side canyon is on a fault line; that the interior masses were blocked out by fractures; and that all erosion that has taken place is an after consideration entirely.

All of southern and western Arizona and much of Southern California from the Needles to the Gulf of California is made land, from these Tertiary and Mesozoic rocks that once covered southeastern Utah and northern Arizona.

Millions of years have been consumed in this work and to surface drainage alone can be traced the present topography of the country for nearly one thousand miles in length by four or five hundred in width.

In conclusion I have only this to add. My deductions are based upon personal observation and seem to afford me more satisfaction than I could realize from the Powell theory. I care not what explanation may be presented hereafter. If it proves to be more convincing than my own I shall not hesitate to accept it.

I was first to call public attention to the faulty maps of the region and also that of the Geological Survey and later on to guide the Director into the pre-cambrian rocks of the Shinimo area. I was first to trace the great Muav fault from Shinimo Creek to the river near Hermet Creek, and to note that the trend of these displacements corresponded with the general course of the river through the granite section, which is northwest by southeast.

I have spent the best portion of my life in building roads and trails and making the region accessible. I was the first to interest

the public in a railroad and procured the first exemption, under the laws of Arizona, from taxation. I was in charge of the first survey; discovered the fluxing ores at Anita that eventually determined the building of the railway. For years I was considered worthy of consideration in various ways by the railway and transportation companies as a medium for advertising the Canyon through my stage line. But now a new era has dawned and I may be classed as an undesirable citizen. I am told that I must not interfere in any way with the wholesale appropriation by the Santa Fe railway company and Fred Harvey of the entire Grand Canyon and all the business that may come therefrom. The decree has gone forth and I am to share the fate of Cameron, Page, Berry, Smith, et. al., all of whom have been crowded to the wall by these grasping corporations. The reason is plain. I have mines of Copper and Asbestos, and good ones. These will demand railroads; competition cuts down fares and the general public gets the benefit. Furthermore, as an independent stage-owner, trail-owner, and camp-hotel proprietor I am able to care for tourists and thus earn some small portion of their patronage. This small sum, paltry in its insignificance, compared with what the railway and Fred Harvey receive, is yet covetously regarded by these two institutions, and if they can drive me out by petty tyranny, harassing treatment, perversions of truth, refusal to give tourists information who ask about my Camp and trails, etc., I am to be driven out, so that henceforth no one can see any part of the Grand Canyon without paying into their coffers any tribute they may demand.

***THIS is the last of the
Rhymes and Jingles,
etc., written by William
Wallace Bass, the Grand
Canyon Guide, and done
into a book by the Arroyo
Guild, an association of
expert workers in the ap-
plied arts, and printed
at their Press, in their
Guild Hall, 201 Avenue
Sixty - six (Garvanza),
Los Angeles, California,
in the month of October,
1909.***

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
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